

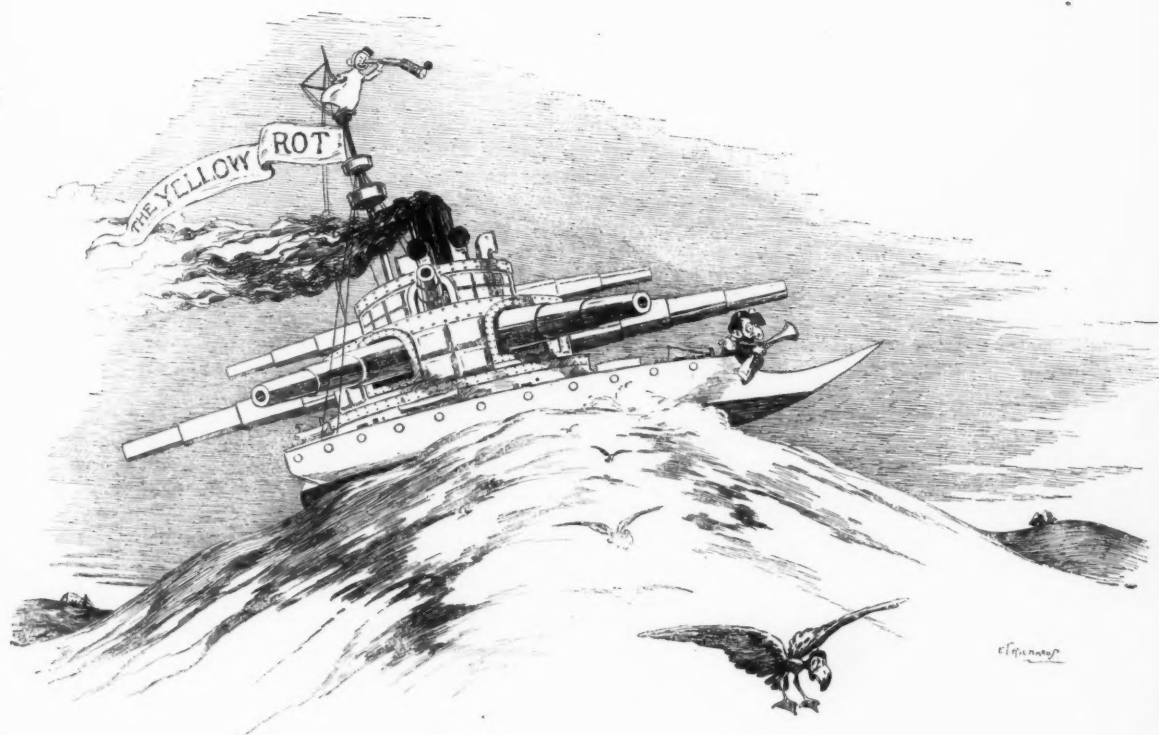
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VOLUME XXXI.

NEW YORK, APRIL 7, 1898.

NUMBER 800.

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WAR OR PEACE—WHO CARES NOW?

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Time Flies No More.

WHEN Father Time' was introduced,
by Fate,
To that young, fearless maid, Miss Ninety
Eight,
With some embarrassment he bowed his
head,
And then, with unconcealed amazement,
said:
"Excuse me, and the words that I em-
ploy,
But why the mischief are you not a boy?
I've met the Years as they have come
along
Since stars began their first celestial song;
Some have been gay, and others sadly
staid,
But not one Year has ever been a *maid!*"

Sweet Ninety Eight looked up with merry
eyes,
To see the old man's timorous surprise,
And answered: "Though a paradox it be,
That you're behind the times I plainly
see.
Hereafter, feel no wonder and no fear
At finding womankind in *any* sphere.
Recall the wars and crimes of Ninety
Seven—
Enough to fill the space 'twixt Earth and
Heaven—
Then wonder, if you can, that kindly Fate
Should choose a maiden to be Ninety
Eight!

"And now, though you will never wait
for man,
Just exercise your patience, if you can,
While in your toga I a stitch do take,
To save the nine necessity would make.
There—now, before I go, take my advice,
And get your hair and beard cut in a
trice;
Accept my watch, and throw your glass
away;
And don't go flying on through night and
day,
But mount a wheel, and then, as Time is
money,
The Earth will quicker flow with milk
and honey."

* * *

Old Father Time took heed of what she
said,
And now, when all the old folks are in
bed,
And lovers say good-by on stoops and
porches,
They whisper in despair, "Oh, how Time
scorches!"

Wallace Dunbar Vincent.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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THE Spanish have had the better of the Americans of late in one particular. A larger proportion of them than of our people cannot read.

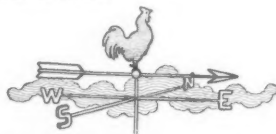
The amount of newspaper reading the Americans have done in the last two months defies computation. Some of this work has been labor well spent, but the bulk of it has been a toil like that which the imagination of the ancients devised for Sisyphus—a rolling up of stones that forever slip back. What we have read into our heads in the morning we have read out of them again in the afternoon. What has seemed to be information in the evening has either turned out next day to be misinformation, or has ceased before morning to be of consequence. That this is true has not been because the majority, or anything approaching a majority, of American newspapers are culpably sensational or "yellow," but merely because the demand for news, and the efficiency of the national apparatus for gathering news, has been out of all proportion to the amount of real news to be gathered. The substance being scarce, there has been an unparalleled pursuit of shadows, and a ready market for all the shadows caught.

A reasonable amount of excitement is welcome to most people, but it can be overdone. Having sizzled now for two months, most of us are ready to stop and rest. If we have not actually fought and bled, we have thought about it so continually that the effect is much the same, and even if our bodies are not in need of bandages, our distracted minds

would unquestionably benefit from a period of repose. Welcome the hope that the excuse for hourly issues of newspapers may presently be abated, and that we may have attention to spare for the ordinary concerns of life.



THE report of the *Maine* Board of Inquiry was foreshadowed before its final publication, and few Americans were either surprised by it or had any doubt as to the truth of its conclusions. It is entirely dispassionate, and the grounds on which its findings are based are so easily verified that fair-minded readers in all countries are likely to accept its verdict that our ship was destroyed by a submarine mine. Inasmuch as the Board did not ascertain who was responsible for the explosion, it is not a fighting matter; but it is a matter which gravely affects our relations with Spain, and which places us in the position of a nation which has sustained a momentous injury, for which Spain cannot wholly avoid responsibility. If we abstain from exacting reparation by violent means, our forbearance will at least entitle our reasonable wishes to the utmost indulgence, and possibly it will prove to be an important consideration in the compassing of an agreement whereby, without war, the dreadful distresses of the non-combatant Cubans may be relieved, and an end be put to the barbarities which have made a hell of what the Creator seemed to have designed to be an Earthly Paradise. Our sailors will not have died for naught if as a result of the sacrifice of their lives two nations are kept from war, and a race from extermination. Such a result would be far better than vengeance, and would cause the drowned sailors of the *Maine* to be held in grateful memory for generations to come.

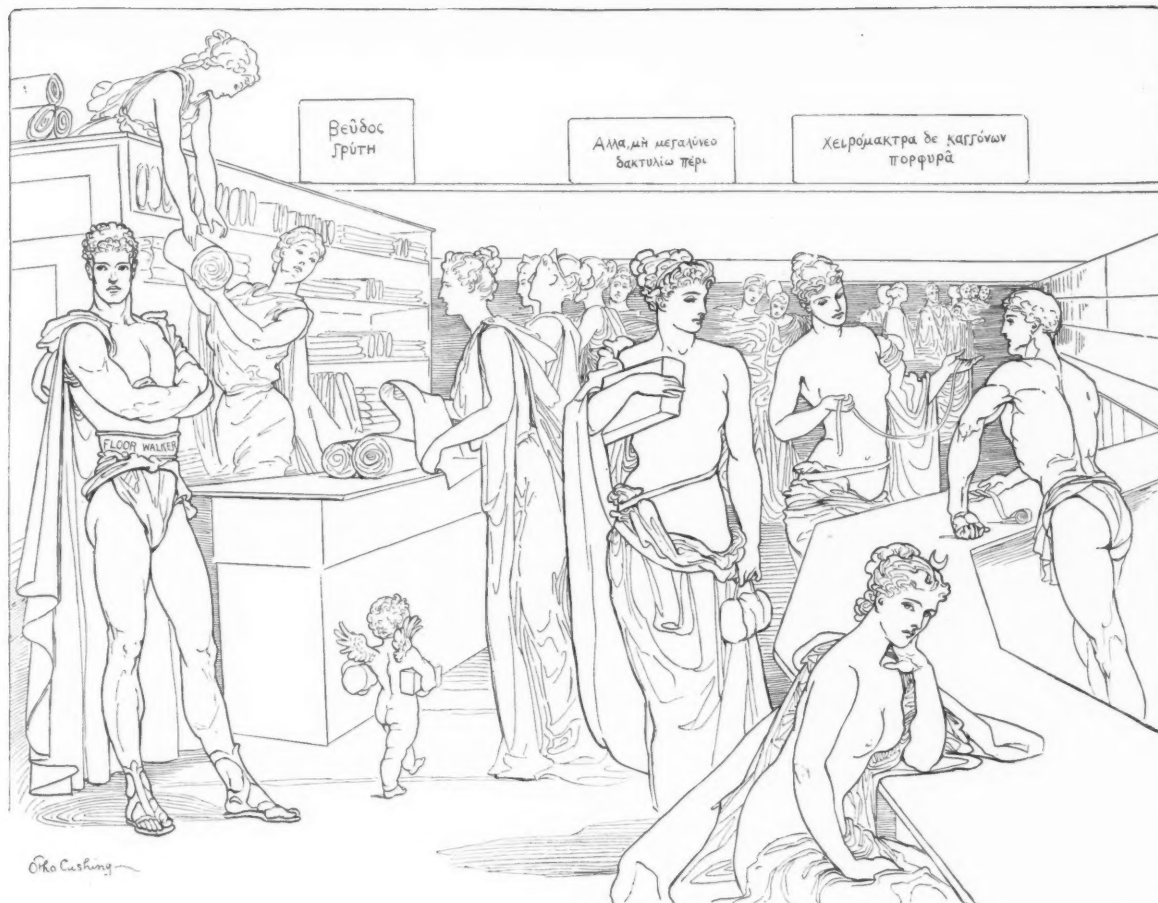


POSSIBILITIES of such an issue of our perplexing conditions present themselves at this writing. There is still a hope of an arrangement which will satisfy the Administration, and that

powerful majority of the American people which supports it. What we want is that Cuba shall cease to stink in the nostrils of civilization. The reason that we insist that the stench shall stop is that it is under our nose, and is a reproach to us, before God and the nations of the Earth. We won't fight to annex Cuba. We won't necessarily fight to make Cuba free, unless there is no possibility of relieving the Cubans without securing their independence. To procure their liberty is not our job, but to prevent them from being exterminated has come to be regarded as our duty, and we are ready for so much of intervention as is necessary for the accomplishment of it. Wholesale atrocities, involving hundreds of thousands of deaths by starvation within a night's sail of American ports, don't go. That is the attitude of the President, and of an overwhelming majority of the people of this country. There will be no war of ambition or annexation; no war of vengeance. Spain will reap what she has sown, irrespective of any action of ours. Let us hope there will be no war at all. But there must be no more atrocities, no more wholesale starving of women and babies, no more shooting of little boys in the back. Our Uncle Sam has said that that must stop, and his word is good. He is tired of being compelled to burn pastilles in Florida whenever the wind is from the south.



DID anyone say Klondike? How completely that region has passed for the moment out of the sphere of discussion. The Klondike season is at hand. Work on Yukon River boats is being hurried. Travel already sets strongly towards the Northwest, but it is all a side interest, and reports of lucky finds that would have made sensations are printed in out-of-the-way corners of the newspapers in minute type. Gold is gold, but it is not always and all the time the first interest in life. Besides, there is a new way of finding money. To sell something to the government at famine prices is the latest road to riches, and there are sure to be many who will try to travel it. No cry for war is more shrill than that of the patriot for plunderer's sake.



Otto Cushman

OLYMPUS UP TO DATE.

BARGAIN DAY.

Valuable.



NOBBER: I suppose the wedding of Miss Gotrox and Count Spaghetti will be a grand affair.

SNOBBER: Yes; the paper says twenty-five thousand dollars has been offered for the kinetoscope privileges.

Outbursts of Patriotism.

THAT the Spanish people are not unmindful of the needs of their government, nor unwilling to make sacrifices that the government may be able to meet the United States with an imposing show of naval strength, will be seen from the following cablegrams:

HAVANA, April 3.—A sacred bull-fight was held here to-day, with the object of raising money to buy a new cruiser for Spain. Four thousand people attended, and the net receipts were \$2,314.

MATANZAS, April 3.—A progressive euchre was given last night at the residence of Senor Tumtum, and at its close a collection was taken for the fund to purchase and present to the Spanish Government a modern man-of-war. The sum realized was \$1.37.

CADIZ, Spain, April 4.—The public subscription started by the *Morning Howler*, for the purpose of buying a gunboat for the Spanish Government, now reaches the sum of \$13.53. A number of patriotic citizens have promised to put down their names in the near future for substantial sums.

SANTANDER, Spain, April 4.—A performance was given at the Royal Theatre last night, the entire proceeds of which go into the presentation fund to enlarge the Spanish Navy. The success exceeded the most sanguine expectations, and as a result a postal money order for \$46.75 was mailed to Premier Sagasta to-day. It is thought that one of the new ships to be bought by these patriotic expressions of Spain's devoted people will be named in honor of this city.

MADRID April 4.—Valerino Weyler, formerly

Governor-General of Cuba, handed his personal check for \$5 to the treasurer of the Presentation Warship Fund to-day. There was great enthusiasm when the subscription was bulletined outside the Madrid Bank, where the subscription book lies open.

MADRID, April 4.—When His Majesty Alphonso XIII. was informed that General Weyler had contributed \$5 to the Warship Fund he was very much affected, and immediately gave orders that the contents of his savings bank be devoted to the same patriotic object. When the royal bank was opened it was found to contain 52 cents, and this amount was immediately turned over to the treasurer of the fund.

Delayed.

"BILKINS promised to be here on time."

"And he is a man of his word. I never knew him to be late. How do you account for it?"

"He is coming with his wife."

The Poetry of Whist.



FIVE cards or more,
All of a sort;
Your suit is *Long*.
With less, 'tis *Short*.
When ACE you lead,
You've *Length*, indeed;
Or else you wish
It to beseen
You have in hand
A *Knave* and *Queen*.
Just lead your
KING
When suit is *Short*.
Your partner
knows—
At least he ought—
You've *Queen* or
Ace,
Or both, in place.
A lead of *QUEEN*
Three things may
mean:
First, Sequence up,
Suit *Long* must be;

Down, Long or Short;
Last, "King and Three."

KNAVE's first two leads
Are like the *Queen's*.
He also means,
With *Honors*, *Length*;
Tremendous strength!

You now will lead
The *TEN* spot brave,
To show you hold
The *King* and *Knave*.

* * * * *

The latest fad
Would say you mean,
By leading *TEN*,
To show *Knave*, *Queen*.

By lead of *NINE*
We all may place
The *Ace*, *Queen*, *Ten*;
Or *Ten*, *Knave*, *Ace*.

Weak suits of *THREE*
This precept heed:
Up to the *Knave*
The *highest* lead.
Beyond, the *lowest* card you speed.

When your weak suit has only *two*,
The *higher* card is led by you.

Of cards remaining in the hand,
From *three* the *lowest* lead;
If only *two* are in your suit,
The *higher* must precede.

Late on, lead high, your wealth to show.
To save that wealth, third hand *take low*.

Mary E. Mitchell.

Make Sure.

BOSTON is understood to be somewhat nervous about her harbor defenses, and it was told the other day that Mayor Quincy had asked for a warship for home protection. But the demand for warships so far exceeds the supply that a couple of monitors will have to serve Boston's turn. Doubtless they will answer; still, to make assurance surer, it might be as well for her to send such portable treasures as could not be replaced to Worcester or Springfield for safe-keeping. The *Mayflower's* Log and the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company might just as well be out of harm's way first as last. Patriotism does not demand that any chances should be taken with unique and precious properties like them.



POACHED EGGS FOR EASTER.

BOOKS BY HENRY JAMES

Cosmopolitan Literary Juggling.

HENRY B. FULLER gets the same sort of pleasure out of playing with the technique of a short story that is evident in all the best work of Henry James. The emotion is æsthetic, and is of a piece with that inspired in a man of artistic sensibility by a picture or a statue, or by beautiful music in a trained musician.

The keenest appreciation of Mr. Fuller's work must come from other writers, who know how difficult it is to do that sort of thing well. The cleverest point about the four stories of Transatlantic travel, gathered under the title

"From the Other Side" (Houghton), is the author's assumption of a different character for the narrator (in the first person) of three of the tales. The average reader will judge the stories simply for their power to interest and amuse him. But one who knows anything of the technical difficulties of short story writing will marvel at the definiteness with which a different point of view is assumed and kept by the narrator of each story. To see things as a portrait painter in one story, a funny old woman in the next, or a social-climbing American in the third, is a bit of literary juggling that calls for nimble fancy.

The verdict of fellow-craftsmen on Mr. Fuller's work will be, no doubt, "He does it well."

* * *

BUT is it worth doing nowadays? Hasn't Mr. James made it superfluous that any

other American writer need feel called upon to prove how cosmopolitan he is by sketching Transatlantic conditions? Englishmen or Frenchmen do not expect any fiction of importance to be written about them by foreigners. Neither do they expect to write any important fiction about foreign people. The true cosmopolite travels and reads other languages to learn the best way of doing things, and then applies his skill to native subjects.

Many American medical students go to Paris or Vienna, but they come home to exert their skill on American legs or arms. Mr. Fuller did his best work practicing on the Chicago cliff-dwellers.

The surest cure for provincialism in our fiction is not the choice of foreign subjects, but the application of broad, cosmopolitan ideas and methods to native material.

THERE are many kinds of "newspaper story," but Miss Elizabeth G. Jordan's "Tales of the City Room" (Scribner) are the first emotional expression of the woman reporter in modern journalism. The papers themselves have published reams of the woman reporter's impressions of current events, but these stories go one step deeper, and give a woman's impressions of the business of collecting news.

The stories are realistic, touched with the feminine quality of sympathy and consideration for other people's feelings.

The conclusion is inevitably forced on the reader that modern journalism is a pretty poor business for a woman of refinement to engage in. Sympathy and consideration for the feelings of other people are serious drawbacks to the acquisition of news at any hazard. The pathos that tinges these stories comes from the consciousness that all the women reporters who figure in them are doing things that go against the grain.

From the point of view of a hardened "star reporter," the adventures here recorded are rather tame. *Droch.*

WOMEN have two great duties: to preserve their charm, and the race.

Saved.

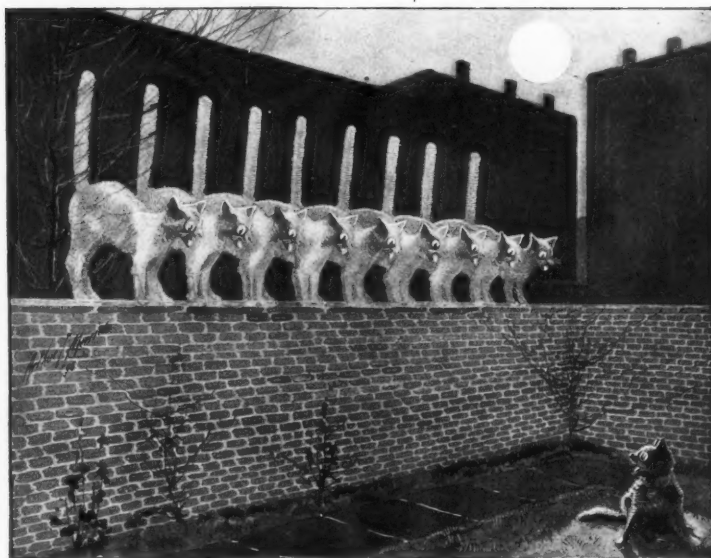
NODD: Dawson says in the railroad accident he was thrown twenty feet in the air, but escaped without a scratch.

Todd: Marvelous! How did it happen?
"He landed on his wife's hat."



AN UP-TO-DATE COVENANT.

"O LORD, IF YOU'LL FORGIVE ME ALL THE THINGS I'VE DONE TO YOU, I'LL FORGIVE YOU ALL THE THINGS YOU'VE DONE TO ME."



THE GHOST OF HIS FATHER.

Good for Grover!

THERE is a disposition on the part of public men to allow the use of their names in the yellow papers, for obvious reasons. They are well aware that a refusal on their part will incite the yellow papers to make it as unpleasant for them as possible, and they prefer to yield gracefully rather than to be subjected to the yellow flood of invective that is almost sure to follow. This system of blackmailing, however, is not altogether successful. LIFE recently called attention to Secretary Roosevelt's manly retort to the implied threat of a yellow paper. Here is another instance, which it seems well to chronicle:

"New York, February 27, 1898.

"To Grover Cleveland, Princeton, N. J.:

"Levi P. Morton, General Miles, Rear-Admiral Selfridge, William C. Whitney, O. H. P. Belmont, George Gould, C. M. Depew, General O. O. Howard, the Governors of fifteen States, the Mayors of fifty-two cities, and a large number of other citizens in public and private life have accepted membership on a committee to erect a national monument by public subscription to the men who went down with the Maine. May we add your name to the list of national committeemen? The position will make no demand on your time.

W. R. HEARST.

"New York Journal."

"PRINCETON, N. J., February 28, 1898.

"To W. R. Hearst, N. Y. Journal, New York:

"I decline to allow my sorrow for those who died on the Maine to be perverted to an advertising scheme for the New York Journal. GROVER CLEVELAND."

IT is only the man who fails that believes in luck.

WHEN you find a person who doesn't worry, you may be sure there is someone who worries for him.



Coming Out of Church.

"Deliver us from the vain pomp and glory of this wicked world."

"**W**ASN'T that a lovely sermon?"
 "I'm sure (absently) it was made over from last year. Oh, excuse me. I meant Clara Poplin's hat. Yes, it was lovely. The sermon, I mean."

"He touches one's heart so, when he wants to. Are you going to Sadie Smallerton's reception?"

"Doesn't he? So earnest. Who will be there?"

"Oh, everyone, I suppose. I didn't see Helen Van Antler in church."

"No; her dog was ill, and she couldn't come. Wasn't it lovely in Jack to send me these prayer-books?"

"Sweet. He sent me a set last year. They are so handy. I just hate the ones they have in church."

"So do I. One is so likely to catch something. How that Maud Pierpont did look around during the *Te Deum*."

"Didn't she! She was trying to see what Minnie Musgrove, who sat back of me, had on. They never liked each other. He doesn't look strong, does he?"

"Who, Jack?"

"No, the minister. He's perfectly lovely, I think."

"Lovely!"

"Yes; sweet, but so delicate. I don't see how anyone can help just adoring him."

"Nor I. Such a dear!"

"He says he thinks dancing is all right."

"How liberal! Did

you manage to get to church in Lent?"

"Oh, yes. I think one ought to. I didn't see you there."

"I just couldn't. You know the Hootem Tootem lectures came on Wednesday."

"So they did. I went last year. Well, come in and see me."

"Thanks. Now that Lent is nearly over, I'll have more time."

"Of course. I don't see how he preaches so well."

"Nor I. It was a lovely sermon. Good-by."

"Wasn't it? Good-by."

"Lovely sermon, wasn't it?"

"Splendid. But he always is good."

How very well your daughters looked."

"And yours, too. It keeps one busy looking out for one's girls."

"Doesn't it? But it is a good thing. I believe in letting them enjoy their youth. I always welcome Lent. It gives me time to plan their costumes."

"True, it's a great blessing. I shall be glad—"

"When they're married? So shall I."

"The vestry are talking of sending him abroad. I think he needs it."

"So do I. So delicate."

"He will go for the summer, I presume."

"Yes. It would be a great deprivation to lose him."

"Wouldn't it! Such a lovely sermon!"

"Wasn't it!"

(In a whisper) "Come around to the club, old man, and have a high ball."

"Can't come now, old fellow. I must see these girls home. Join you later."

"Nonsense. You'll hang around them all the afternoon. Brace up and be a man."

"Wasn't it a lovely sermon, dear?"

"Possibly. It ought to have been."



THE CREWEL STEPMOTHER.



"IT IS TRUE, DARLING, THAT I PLAY THE RACES, INDULGE IN INTOXICATING DRINKS, AND SOMETIMES SWEAR A LITTLE. BUT I SHALL STOP IT ALL WHEN YOU ACCEPT ME."

"ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN?"

"I KNOW IT! I'VE DONE IT EVERY TIME I'VE BEEN ENGAGED."

"Why?"
 "Didn't you say he got the biggest salary in town?"
 "That's like a man. So commercial. Just as if it were a matter of business."
 "Isn't it?"
 "Certainly not. He does a great deal of good."

"For a consideration. If I were a minister, and got well paid for it, my own vanity would spur me to success in my particular field."

"But—"

"The music was good, the service orderly, everybody behaved themselves, all the women wore clothes that their husbands couldn't afford, and the whole affair was delightfully aesthetic, as it should have been after so much practice. The same amount of money spent on the deserving poor would have accomplished an equal result—in a different direction."

"You are so horribly cynical."

"Not at all, my dear. I am only a miserable sinner. After all, I agree with you. It was a lovely sermon."

To Whom It May Concern.

LIFE will give one hundred dollars for the best short story received at this office before June 1, 1898. Seventy-five dollars will be paid for the second best, and fifty dollars for the third best. Among the other stories received, but not in the

judgment of the editors, entitled to any of these awards, LIFE will pay twenty-five dollars for each story accepted.

The stories should contain a fresh, original idea, and should be American in tone, bright, cheerful, crisp, with a good climax. They may be fanciful, sentimental, ghostly, fantastic, social, but a touch of humor is desirable. The stories must contain between fifteen hundred and two thousand words. All manuscripts must be typewritten, and addressed to the Short Story Editor of LIFE.



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LENT.

INAL OBSERVANCES.



A Letter from W. S.

*To my most excellent and esteemed friend, LIFE,
and to all other good, gentle souls who love
my muse, most tender greeting:*

STRANGE times be these, good friends
of mine,
When, out of joint, they bring to view
Our art transformed to huckster's
trade,
And made to serve a pander's need,
While talent starves and genius lives un-
known.
Let commerce thrive. The body's wants
Come first in nature's catalogue;
But, once supplied, there comes a higher
thirst,

For draughts from the Hyperian spring,
And the soul hungers for the sweets
Hymettus grants to the aspiring mind.
In the love we bear the mimic art
I send you sympathy. In the hate
We bear the enemies of art—
Greed, avarice, and tawdry flimsy show;
Vulgarity of thought and speech; low
wit;

The bringing of the stage to meet the wish
Of bumpkin, churl, and shallow mind—
That hate I share, and fain would aid
The cause of my few, faithful friends
Who war against the general fashion.
I mind me now that once I said
The players were brief chronicles
And abstracts of the time in which
They strutted their short hour
Upon the stage. As yours are
So may be the record of your nation;
And that land, no matter what its wealth in
gold,

Nor its great strides in paths of trade
And quickness of device to lighten labor,
Goes down in the deep shade of oblivion
Unless it leave behind more lasting marks

On the tablet of eternity than those which
come

From trader's plans and toiling of the arti-
san.

Brains, not hands; thoughts, more than
pelf,

Make for a people's truest greatness.

* * *

Good friends, let heart and courage

Fail you not, till untoward times shall
change

And your own people to your standards
flock

To drive the pander, cheat, and uncouth
fool

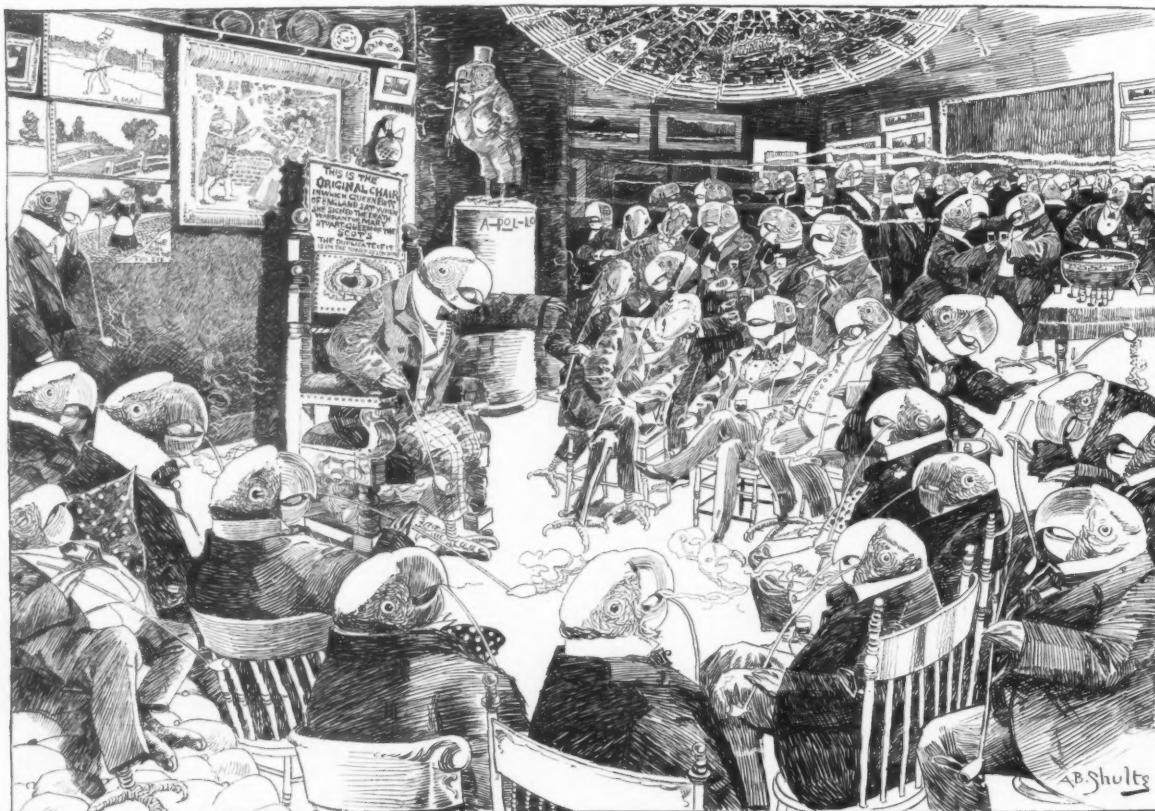
Forth from the muse's sacred temple.

Till that bright day, my heart is ever to you,
And I am your faithful, waiting friend,

Will Shakspeare.

A Little One's Prayer.

DIAVOLO: Dear God! O God! make
us r-r-rich—and give us lots of
money—and lots to eat—and then we'll
all be saints! And then you can go Amen.



THE POLLYS GIVE A SMOKE-TALK.

A CRACKER STORY IS ON.

A TALE OF PIE.



The Only Method.

PUBLISHER: Why, what's this?
AUTHOR: The manuscript for my new novel.

"But there isn't a description in it. It's nothing but a lot of disconnected dialogues."

"Yes. I'll write the descriptions after it's illustrated. You told me it was to be illustrated, you remember."

"But why do you wait till then?"

"Because I'm determined that the descriptions and pictures shall agree for once."

All's Well at Omaha.

IN spite of the general disposition to concentrate energy on discussion, and to hold with both hands the breath not in use for that purpose while waiting for war news, some little work continues to be done in some places which is not immediately related to preparations for war. A traveler, for example, who has lately returned from Omaha, expresses extreme surprise and gratification at the preparations for the Trans-Mississippi and International Exhibition which is going to be held in that town. He tells of extensive fair grounds covering hundreds of acres, and of hundreds of carloads of trees which have been brought in for their adornment. The buildings are beautiful, and are well along towards completion. It is going to be a great fair, this traveler reports, and fit to hold its head well up in comparison with the one at Chicago.

All this is very gratifying to hear, especially as Omaha, situated midway between San Francisco and New York, is one of the safest places in the country, and reasonably secure against inconvenience from warships operating on any of our coasts. There is no better resort for nervous folks this spring than Omaha. It is only a coincidence that Omaha, and the whole State of Nebraska, seem to be in full accord with the outspoken sentiments of its Senators, that it is Uncle Sam's duty to put down barbarities in Cuba with a strong hand.

The Struggle of Life.

HOW hard a struggle 'tis to live,
And satisfy our inner cravings;
An actor may live "on the boards,"

A barber must exist on shavings.

And he who kneads our daily bread

May need his own some day most sadly,
While he who has the cure of souls

May, to his boots, want new ones badly.

Yet rich or poor, or high or low,

The end's the same, to all intents:

The beggar lives upon his rags,

The millionaire upon his rents.



What Our Doctors Are Doing.



THE medical profession has been deeply interested of late in two operations, by which the stomach has successfully removed from as many sufferers. To the delight of everybody, the operations were in every way successful. The stomachs came out without undue resistance, and without fatal results, although in two cases the patients died within two hours, the first of hiccoughs, and the second of water on the knee. It is really to be regretted that, in selecting subjects for these valuable operations, the doctors chose persons suffering from such malignant diseases. It would have been most interesting to watch the careers of the stomachless persons in after-life, to note whether they would have had to eat to live; what effect the absence of the general centre of disorder in most persons would have had upon their temperament and disposition; and that hiccoughs and water on the knee should supervene to destroy all the good results of the operations is distinctly aggravating.

Dr. Thomas L. McStoneberry, of Philadelphia, is busy inoculating guinea pigs with Scotch whiskey virus, with the idea of discov-



The Vanquished: AN' TER T'INK DAT I cried W'EN DEY WUS GOIN' TER DROWN YER, A YEAR AGO!



He: WE'VE BEEN MARRIED NEARLY A YEAR, BUT I CAN HARDLY REALIZE THAT IT'S MORE THAN A MONTH.

"I CAN, EASILY. YOU ARE SMOKING, AND WE ARE ON SEPARATE SEATS."

ering an antidote for golf, which has made his patients all so healthy that ruin is rudely staring him in the face. It is interesting to note that a guinea pig of strictly temperate habits, which six weeks ago would not touch whiskey of any kind, will now eagerly drink a quart of Glenhurst at one sitting, and immediately thereafter wander aimlessly about the room like an Irish caddy looking for a golf ball. This would seem to portend a successful issue for the doctor's experiments.

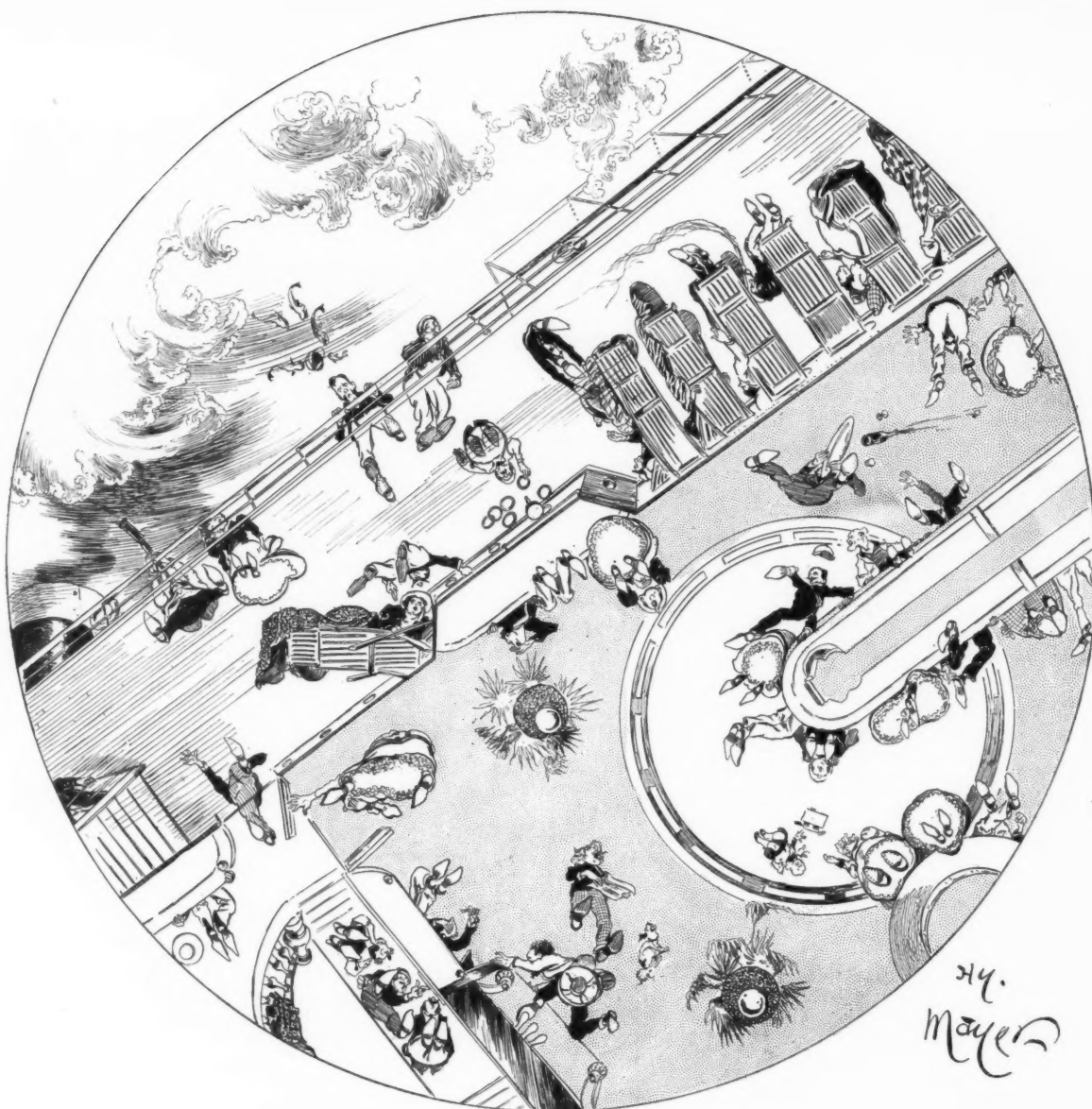


ANY people in this State will be interested to know of the coming decision of the Supreme Court in a case of some importance to the medical fraternity. The case in brief is this: James L. Whigham, of Long Island, was operated upon for appendicitis by Dr. Bensonhurst, of Rockaway. Dr. Bensonhurst agreed to remove the appendix for five hundred dollars. Whigham was operated upon, but in the course of the operation it was discovered that he had never had a vermiform appendix. He therefore claims that, not having had one, the doctor could not have cut one off, and that as a result he has no valid basis upon which to demand five hundred dollars. Dr. Bensonhurst, on the other hand, asserts that he

was summoned by and entered into an agreement with Whigham to do a certain thing, and that it was, in the very nature of the case, tacitly agreed that Whigham should furnish a basis for the operation. He alleges that Whigham was in honor bound to supply the appendix, and that, failing to do so, it was he, who violated the terms of the contract, and not Bensonhurst. The case will probably come up within the next month. Distinguished counsel have been employed by both parties, and much interest is manifested on all sides. It is the opinion of Mr. Joseph H. Inchoate that Dr. Bensonhurst will win. He cites the case of Jorkins against Cranberry, wherein Jorkins, a householder, in jest summoned Cranberry, a plumber, to repair a leak in his bathroom, there being no leak. Cranberry recovered the full value of his time, services of three assistants and costs, the Court holding that Jorkins, having summoned Cranberry, was morally bound to provide the leak, even though he acted as he did in a genial spirit of banter.

THE Vegetarian Society of Toledo retained a prominent vivisectionist some months ago to experiment on a large St. Bernard dog belonging to one of its members. The dog was a fine animal, but could not be induced to diet on vegetables, and inasmuch as his master could not conscientiously feed him on meat, the poor brute was slowly starving to death. The experiment of transferring the stomach of a rabbit to the dog was tried, and was in every way successful. The beast now lives exclusively on lettuce, cabbages and string-beans. The experiment on the rabbit was not quite so happy in its results. The little creature thrived for a week or two, but its inability to masticate the beefsteaks, chops and legs of lamb it consumed resulted in its speedy death from indigestion.

Another lawsuit of some interest involves a dispute between Dr. Squills, a dentist, and a



WORM'S-EYE VIEWS OF US.
ON THE OCEAN STEAMER.

retired millionaire named Waterbury. Mr. Waterbury went to Dr. Squills to have a tooth pulled. Dr. Squills pulled it, and charged two hundred and fifty dollars for the service, claiming that Waterbury told him that he suffered the tortures of the damned, and adding that two hundred and fifty dollars was a very small charge for lifting a millionaire out of purgatory, especially one who really belonged there.

Waterbury's claim is that he went to have his tooth and not his leg pulled, and that his resistance is merely to protect the latter against undue elongation; that a dentist has no jurisdiction over the leg of a patient; and he therefore respectfully begs the Court to compel him to take his hands off.

Sympathy is running high on both sides, and Judge Grinnen Barritt, who will sit in judgment on the case, will not find it easy to decide as between the two litigants and retain that popularity which will insure his re-election next fall.

IN spite of the immense hue and cry for news, and the prodigious expenditure of money to get it, the really important items are not sure to get the attention they deserve. Senator Proctor's story of what he saw in Cuba was an exceedingly important

and influential utterance, worth pages of rumors and scare-head gossip, yet it was not easy to find a complete and readable report of it. One of the most enterprising of the saner papers in New York, which is ready at any time to make any expenditure for news, and which, to do it justice, does get the news and print it, printed scarcely more than half of that report, and gave that half very ineffectively. When enterprise crowds out discrimination it overdoes its job. The fact that an item is easily obtained does not warrant its omission or contraction, provided it is really important.



THE GREAT WAR SCARE.

(Being a faithful record of one day's work—for revenue only—by a cheap sensational "news" paper.)

8.30 a. m.

War! War! War! Horrible, bloody war!
The troops are ordered out
To put the Dons to rout,
John Smith has said it;
His word you can't discredit;
'Tis war, without a doubt—
War! War! War!

9.30 a. m.

Another warship gone!
Foundered out at sea!
At least she sailed away
Yesterday afternoon at 3;
She hasn't had time as yet
To reach her destination.
But what care we for that?
We're after circulation!

10.30 a. m.

The Cabinet is meeting;
It has often met before,
But let the haughty Spaniards
Prepare to hit the floor!
Day has put his coat on,
And Long has coughed! What for,
If not to let the people
Prepare for bloody war?

11.30 a. m.

Lee has picked his teeth—
This means that blood must flow!
Let freedom's sons get out their guns,
And be prepared to go!
When Lee gets out his pick
He does it just to show
The people that the time has come
To lay the Spaniard low!

12.30 p. m.

A man in Oskaloosa
Has put his armor on,
And swears that he is going
To lick the haughty Don!
This means that war is certain,
We can't avoid it now—
Come, hurry up and purchase
An "extra" anyhow.

2.30 p. m.

Billy Mason's talking,
And pulling out his hair,
Down in the Senate chamber,
And scattering it there.
There's fire in his nostrils,
His lips with foam are white—
This puts an end to doubting,
We've simply got to fight!

4 p. m. (last edition).

War! War! War! Horrible, bloody war!
There's going to be a row,
We don't know why or how,
Bill Jones has said it;
His word you can't discredit—
Bow-wow-wow!
War! War! War! —Cleveland Leader.

It was just after war had been declared, and the quiet man saw the noisy one sneaking away from an excited crowd.

"What's the matter?" asked the quiet man.
"They're discussing the war," replied the noisy one.
"Well, you've been yelling for war for the last two months, haven't you?" demanded the quiet man.
"Of course I have," returned the noisy one; "but hang it all! these people are talking about enlisting."
—Chicago Post.

BING: Yes, that's old Spriggings. Half a dozen doctors have given him up at various times during his life.

WING: What was the trouble with him?
"He wouldn't pay his bills."—Boston Traveler.

"What is investment, grandpa?"
"Well, it is giving a man a \$5 dinner and then selling him a \$200 bill of goods."—Detroit Free Press.

"Yes," said Miss Passeigh, "I enjoy the society of Mr. Airylad. He keeps me interested. He is always saying something that one never hears from anybody else."

"Really!" rejoined Miss Cayenne. "Has he been proposing to you, too?"—Washington Star.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayence, Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.



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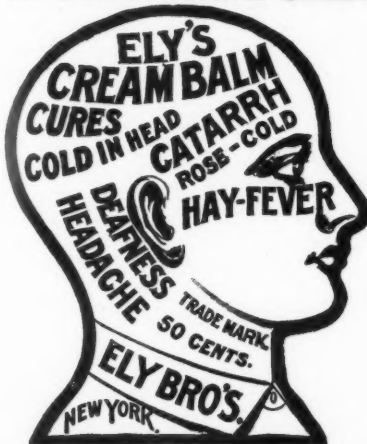
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"She is very frigid in her manner," remarked Willie Washington. "Perhaps," was the reply, "but she has a heart of gold." "So I have been informed. But I am tired of trying to cross a conversational Chilkoot Pass in order to reach it."—*Washington Star*.

DECORATION-DAY TOUR TO GETTYSBURG, LURAY, AND WASHINGTON.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged for another of its popular seven-day personally-conducted tours to the battlefield of Gettysburg, Luray Caverns, and Washington, to leave New York and Philadelphia by special train Saturday, May 28. Rate, \$27.00 from New York; \$24.00 from Philadelphia, covers all necessary expenses. Proportionate rates from other points.

For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 789 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.; or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia.

A MODEST Cleveland youth, an Adelbert undergraduate, boarded a South Side car a few evenings ago, and when he seated himself, carelessly dropped his small gripsack on the floor behind his feet. Presently the car began to fill up. Most of the new passengers were girls, and as they came in one by one the Adelbert man crowded along a little and so got away from his gripsack. There were at least half a dozen girls at his left, and it was in that direction that his grip was located.

Pretty soon the car neared his stopping-place, and the Adelbert man bethought himself of his baggage. He put his hand to the floor—it wasn't there; that is, the grip wasn't there. He felt a little way to the left—he couldn't reach it.

Then he straightened up.

"Pardon me," he said, with a somewhat inflamed countenance, "but I have a grip somewhere under here," and he dove down again.

All he could feel was dainty boot heels, two of them badly run down. He reached a little further. Another boot heel. The girls began to wriggle uneasily. Up came the young man again.

His countenance was still more inflamed. This time he arose to his feet.

"It's here somewhere," he murmured. "If you don't object I'll try again." Down he went and clawed along still further to the left.

"I've got it," he muttered.

He pulled, but it didn't come.

"One moment," he said, "here it is."

"No, it isn't," piped a shrill soprano.

There was a brief struggle, and then the bashful youth realized that he had hold of the young woman's foot.

He stood up at this with a despairing glare.

Perhaps the girls were moved to pity by his hopeless look, perhaps they didn't like the way the other passengers were giggling. Anyway, they shuffled around and soon produced the missing bag. And the youth with the scarlet face scooted from the car.

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

ASHEVILLE AND HOT SPRINGS, N. C.

These two charming resorts, located in the mountains of Western North Carolina, are now being rapidly filled with winter tourists from the North. A more delightful place cannot be found to avoid the disagreeable March winds. They are easily reached from New York via Pennsylvania and Southern Railway by the Washington and Southwestern Limited, which leaves New York daily at 4.20 p. m., making the trip within twenty-two hours in through Pullman drawing-room sleeping-cars. For full particulars, etc., call on or address Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent, 271 Broadway, N. Y.

Of course they tarried a while in France, beautiful France; and there they visited a gaol. A gaol is much the same as a jail, but that is another story.

"Who," they asked, "is the prisoner with the tall, high forehead?"

"That," replied the guard, "is one who has been convicted of treason."

"And these others?"

"These are those who knew him to be innocent."

In the corridor, just beyond, was a bronze statue of Justice, with a brass beefsteak bound over each eye.

—*Detroit Journal*.

Prince of Wales's favorite wine,

de **LOSSY-HOLDEN CHAMPAGNE.**

CAPITOL PHILOSOPHY.

One of the best-known characters about the hotel corridors of the National Capitol is an old colored man (black man would be literally true) who has known pretty nearly all the Washingtonians worth knowing for five decades and more. In one capacity or another he has been employed where he has come into constant contact with men whose opinions have been quoted—and Uncle Eben remembers to quote them on all possible occasions.

In the Arlington the other evening he was asked if we were going to have a war with Spain.

"I d'know 'bout war, seh," he began, in a non-committal way, "but dere ain't no sort o' danger of our honor sufferin'. No, seh, 's long's I've bin hyar dis gret country's honor's bin mighty well cay'd fo'. Some on us talk's purty loud, an' some on us talk's purty long, but dere's some on us doan say much—an' dey's lookin' after things de bes'. De 'golden mean,' dat's it. One gen'leman I knows well says 'golden mean's' what does it, an' I believes him."

"Why, what's the 'golden mean,' uncle?" asked his questioner.

"Wall, it ain't doin' too much uv anything." Then after a moment's pause he added: "Now, take har fer a 'zample. Dere's Samson, he got into trubil 'cause he had his'n cut too short, an' dere's Abs'lum, an' he got into trubil 'cause he didn't have his'n cut short 'nough."

As the group separated, laughing, he was heard to say: "War er no war, we's all right s'long's we stick fas' to de golden mean."

Uncle Eben builded better than he knew. His advice is about as good as can be given, and the man who trims his sails by that old Horatian wisdom stands the best chance of steering his craft to success. It is—to change the metaphor—not going off at half-cock. All that helps you to that is to be sought after.

Nor will anything else help you to this more surely than will life insurance. Unwise expenditure is curtailed that the premiums may be met, and at the same time that one is learning in this way proper economy and self-restraint, one is saving in the surest of banks a fund which will enable him to enjoy this good world all the more when he will best know how to enjoy it.

In life insurance, however, as in all things else, there is a choice to be shown if one is to decide wisely. There are companies and companies, and some of them (as the little boy said of yesterday's green apples)—"promised well—and that's all there is to say." Among all the good companies, one is preëminently best, and to that one—to The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York—you are invited to turn to-day for the surest help towards reaching the golden mean that leads to success.



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THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO., 98 Pearl St., Boston
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A MAN who went away from home some time ago to attend a convention of church people, was struck with the beauty of the little town in which the gathering was held. He had plenty of time, and while wandering about walked into the village cemetery. It was a beautiful place, and the delegates walked around among the graves. He saw a monument, one of the largest in the cemetery and read with surprise the inscription on it:

"A Lawyer and an Honest Man."

The delegate scratched his head and looked at the monument again. He read the inscription over and over. Then he walked all around the monument and examined the grave closely. Another man in the cemetery approached and asked him:

"Have you found the grave of an old friend?"

"No," said the delegate, "but I was wondering how they came to bury those two fellows in one grave."—*St. Joseph News*.

"DURING our absence from the office Wednesday evening last," says a Georgia editor, "some evil-minded

person, thinking that we were seated at our desk, fired a load of buckshot through our window. But as a kind, protecting Providence would have it, the entire load was received by a stranger who was waiting for us in our office. There is no trace of the assassin, and at this writing the stranger who so fortunately filled our place at the time is too weak to talk. Thus is another midnight assassin foiled. The Lord will provide."

—*N. Y. Tribune*.

THE impassioned orator who was addressing an audience paused a moment. "But the question may be asked," he said, "Are we prepared for war? Are our harbor defenses sufficiently strong and formidable to resist successfully an attack from foreign ironclads?" "They are!" answered an excited engineer in the audience. "I have carefully examined all our fortifications and means of defense. There is not a fleet in the world that could come within shelling distance of the city." "Then," said the orator, in a voice that shook the building, "give us war—bloody war! I am ready!"—*Chicago Tribune*.



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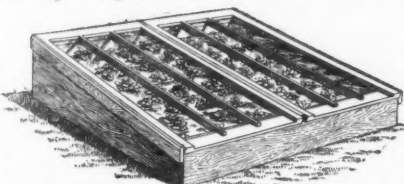
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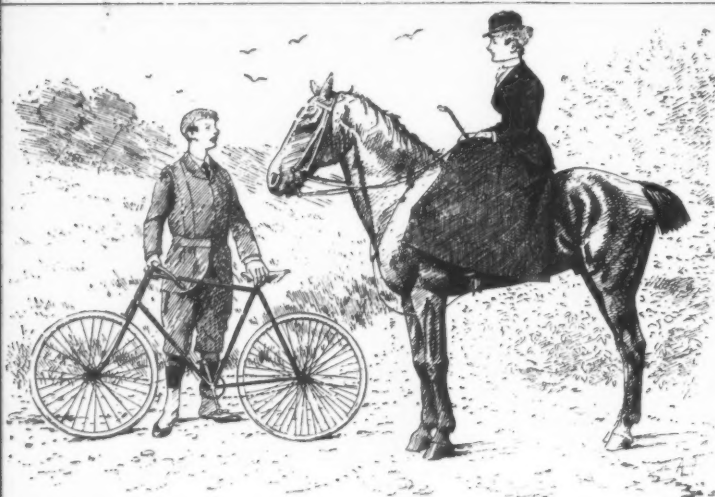
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Mugley (with bike): OH, Y' KNOW, IT'S NOT SO FAR TO FALL, AND WHEN Y' DO FALL Y' CAN ALWAYS CATCH THE WETCHED ANIMAL AFTERWARD, DON'T Y' KNOW!—*London Fun*.

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